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E. B. D. Person

Pam. biog.

IRENE MOODY.



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IRENE MOODY.

BORN AUGUST 20, 1895.

WENT HOME AUGUST 22, 1899.



## I SHINE IN THE LIGHT OF GOD.

I shine in the light of God;  
His likeness stamps my brow;  
Through the Valley of Death my feet have trod,  
And I reign in glory now!

No breaking heart is here,  
No keen and thrilling pain,  
No wasted cheek where the frequent tear  
Hath rolled and left its stain.

\* \* \*

O friends of mortal years,  
The trusted and the true,  
Ye are watching still in the valley of tears,  
But I wait to welcome you.

Do I forget? Oh, no!  
For memory's golden chain  
Shall bind *my* heart to the hearts below  
Till they meet to touch again.

Each link is strong and bright,  
And love's electric flame  
Flows freely down, like a river of light,  
To the world from whence I came.

Do you mourn when another star  
Shines out from the glittering sky?  
Do you weep when the raging voice of war  
And the storms of conflict die?

Then why should your tears run down,  
And your hearts be sorely riven,  
For another gem in the Saviour's crown,  
And another soul in heaven?

—*Unknown.*

Early in the morning of August 20, 1895, God brought great joy to our home in the gift of a baby girl. A loving welcome greeted this first-born child, and the grandparents on her father's side for the first time experienced the peculiarly tender affection for a grandchild. Also two great-grandparents lived to rejoice in the promise of that little life—Grandmother Moody in her ninety-first year and Grandmother Revell in her seventy-ninth year.

Very early in life her happy, peaceful disposition proved that the name of Irene (Peace) had been well chosen for her. In memory of the little life so tenderly entrusted to us for four brief years, there is a specially sweet interpretation to us of the Master's words: "Irène I leave with you, my Irène I give unto you; not as the world giveth, give I unto you." Truly He has taken our "Peace" and promises to give His "Peace" to sustain us.

When Irene was four months old she welcomed into her life a little cousin, Emma Fitt, and a very sweet affection sprang up between them at an early age. When a little baby brother came into Irene's home, two years later, she gave him the tenderest and most unselfish love. Little Dwight early developed the boyish delight of teasing his sister, but never did it bring forth so much as an impatient gesture, and only the most tender words and looks greeted the little man. It is needless to say that the baby heart was completely captivated with such a sister.

Those halcyon days, when two little tots reigned supreme in our home, were suddenly interrupted by the Master's unexpected call to little Dwight, in his thirteenth month. The loss of the little companion was a deeper sorrow to Irene than any one at the time realized, and only in the light of quaint little remarks and tender allusions to his ways did we see how keenly she missed him. From that time Dwight seemed to be drawing Irene heavenward and in a little less than nine months she joined her brother in "Jesus' House."



Irene heard so much about Jesus' House after Dwight went that it became a very real place to her. It was a place where no one was ill, where every one was very happy, and everything very beautiful. When it was told us that we must try the Adirondacks immediately, we wanted to make it seem a desirable thing to Irene, who would not care to leave her home and her cousin. So she was told that we were going to a beautiful place where people often got well of their coughs, and we hoped Irene's cough would be better there. Her expression of surprise and perfect rapture will never be forgotten as she looked up and said: "Are we? To Jesus' House?"

Much as Dwight's absence meant in the little home no sign of grief was ever allowed to escape before Irene. She was told that Jesus had come and taken her little brother to "His House," and made the little man "all better." Every effort was made to make the home cheerful and guard the little heart from sorrow, and it is an unspeakable comfort to her parents now, in looking back over the past nine months, to recall all the

efforts made to keep the home attractive for the dear little girl who was left, and to try in every way to fill the emptiness in her own heart and life.

The history of the disease is told in one dread word—tuberculosis. A protracted and unusually persistent attack of pneumonia left the little one in a weak condition. At length there was an improvement, and we were encouraged to believe that with the coming summer all would be well again. About the first of June, however, she began to fail, and then it was discovered that the germs of tuberculosis were present. A few weeks at Saranac Lake availed nothing, and eleven days before the end she was brought back to Northfield, where the last days were spent in her Grandfather Moody's house, surrounded by loving hearts and the prayers of friends. Supplication was made to God that, if in accordance with His will, the little one might be restored. His will was done and He knew why it was necessary to take our little child "up into *His* arms" before He could "lay His hands upon her and bless her."

Irene knew that Jesus was coming for

her, and "His House" was no strange place to her. Her favorite hymns were "Jesus loves me, this I know," "There's a Friend for little children," "I am Jesus' little lamb," and that sweet lullaby which might truthfully be classed a hymn:

"Sleep, little baby of mine,  
Night and the darkness are near;  
But Jesus looks down  
Thro' the shadows that frown  
And baby has nothing to fear."

### THE END.

Early in the morning of August 22, it was noticed that Irene's breathing was steadily growing worse, and at five o'clock the doctor was sent for in the hope that he might relieve the discomfort. On his arrival, however, it was seen that the little life was rapidly ebbing. All night long she had sat up in bed, not being able to breathe in a lying position, and as the end approached she did not seem to grow appreciably weaker. A few minutes before the end she turned to

her father and said, "I want little Emma." Grandfather Moody went for the little cousin, who was sleeping in another part of the house and brought her in, in her little white nightgown. For one moment they looked into one another's faces for the last time, and, as a distressed look came over Irene's face, it met with such a look of love and sympathy in the little cousin's expression. Irene was too weak to reply to Emma's last "Good-bye, Irene," as she left the room. After a few minutes more of consciousness, God drew the veil of oblivion over the little eyes and in twenty minutes the tired little girl was safe with the Master and radiant in His presence and the companionship of her little brother, Dwight.

The memorial service is thus described by Dr. A. T. Pierson, in a letter to the *New York Observer*, from which we take extracts:—

Wednesday, August 23, will be a memorable day to all who, at Northfield, gathered on that morning on the broad lawn in front of Mr. Moody's house. The occasion was the informal service in connection with the death of little Irene, the charming daughter

of Mr. and Mrs. William R. Moody, and grandchild of Mr. and Mrs. D. L. Moody, and Maj. and Mrs. D. W. Whittle.

This fascinating little girl of four years had a wonderful hold on all who knew her. Bright and beautiful, with a singular maturity of mind and peculiar wealth of affection, she had for more than five months been, day and night, the centre of household anxiety and devotion. A mysterious germ of disease in some way had found entrance into her little body, and notwithstanding the combined skill of physicians and specialists, she passed away on August 22.

The burial service was held in the open air, in God's own cathedral, with its azure firmament for a roof, the golden sun for its illumining lamp, the massive trees for its columns, the green sward for its carpeted floor, and the birds for its choir. The whole scene reminded us of the Twenty-ninth Psalm, that lyric of Nature's Temple, in which we are told that, in this cathedral of God, everything shouts "Glory to God."

A bier of flowers was set in front of the porch for the reception of the pure white casket. Dr. R. A. Torrey conducted the service, and the quartette of Mount Hermon and the Seminary ladies conducted the service of song. H. B. Silliman and the Rev. Dr. H. C. Mabie led in prayers of singular sympathy and appropriateness, and Dr. Torrey, the Rev. G. Campbell Morgan, of London, the main speaker at the recent conferences, and the writer, made brief addresses.



At 11.30 the audience took a last look at Irene's little form and departed. At five o'clock the family laid the precious dust in the burial ground at Northfield cemetery. This part of the service was likewise exceptionally beautiful. There was no hearse; the hands of ten Mount Hermon boys, Irene's own favorites, bore the bier through the streets. At the grave quantities of golden rod lined the excavation in the earth and covered the soil that was heaped up beside it, so that there was nothing visible but one mass of flowering gold. Here there were only prayer and song and benediction, and all attuned to the one note, "victory." It was a burial such as becomes Christian believers, living out their faith in the very crisis of agony and loss.

“ Behind the darkest cloud of grief  
The sun is shining,  
And so I turn my clouds about,  
And wear my sorrows inside out,  
To show the lining.”

Rev. R. A. Torrey spoke as follows:—

When the time comes that we are called to be separated from those who are dear to us, our heart demands absolute certainty. Speculation will not satisfy, no matter how beautiful the speculation may be; our hearts say, "I must have something that is absolutely sure;" and when we turn to the Bible and to Jesus Christ, we get absolute certainty.

The first certainty that we get at such an hour is this: OUR DEPARTED ONES ARE NOT DEAD. As Jesus Christ Himself put it: "He that liveth and believeth in me shall never die." We stand by the receding life, and the kind physician comes and lays his experienced hand upon the form of the loved one, and says, "She is dead." We open the Word of God, and it says, "Not so; she is not dead." We know absolutely that our loved ones do not die. They fall asleep as far as this world is concerned, and we may well thank God that they do. We have watched day after day and night after night in the eager desire that they might find sleep and might find rest, and now we look upon them and we see the long desired sleep has come. Never before in all my life did the full meaning of that wonderful promise come to me as it did this morning: "He giveth His beloved sleep." The restlessness, the tossing, the pain, is all over; she has fallen asleep to the world that knows pain and has awakened to the world that knows no pain or sorrow.

The second thing that is absolutely certain is this: THE MOMENT THE SPIRIT LEAVES THIS BODY IT IS AT HOME WITH THE LORD. We read in our ordinary version of the Bible, "absent from the body, present with the Lord;" but we read it more accurately, beautifully and more consistently with the rest of the chapter in the Revised Version, "*absent from the body, at home* with the Lord." We stand and watch the last labored breaths, and then that breathing is stopped. We say, What has happened?

Only this, a departure to be with the King. We stand beside the body with hearts that are almost breaking with *sorrow*; *she* stands in the presence of the King with a heart that is almost breaking with *rapture*; absent from the body, at home with the Lord. We do not need to say, this morning, that it is far better to depart and be with Christ—very far better.

Now if there was ever a life that was lived here upon earth full of usefulness and beauty; a life that knew all the fullness of privilege to be known in the life that now is, that life was the life of the Apostle Paul. Yet Paul in that wonderful epistle to the Philippians, after singing his repeated notes of joy, “Rejoice in the Lord, rejoice,” turned his eyes up from the life that now is, and looked into the life beyond, and said, “I had rather depart and be ‘at home’ with the Lord, for I know to depart and be with Christ is very far better.”

Another thing that is absolutely certain at such a time is this: THAT THE BODY ITSELF WILL BE RAISED AGAIN. We look at this body; we know that it is dead from an earthly standpoint, but we have the absolute certainty that the body shall be raised again. “Sown in weakness, raised in power; sown in dishonor, raised in glory.” We know what the body will be in a measure, for the Apostle Paul tells us that we look for a Saviour who shall fashion anew the body of our humiliation that it may be made into the likeness of His own glorious body. We have no idea what beauty waits for us. One said to me only yesterday about her into whose face we shall shortly



look, "She can't be more beautiful, anyway." I don't wonder it was said, but she will be more beautiful; she will be like the Lord Jesus Himself in all His perfect beauty. Oh, when we look into that face the next time, radiant, glorious, like the face of Him, the sight of whom in its glory blinded Paul for three days; like Him, the sight of whose glory made John fall at His feet as one dead—when we look the next time into that face, it will be like the face of the glorious Lord. We know that she shall be raised again.

One more thing that is absolutely certain is, OUR REUNION. The question is so often asked, "Shall we be reunited with our loved ones?" We know we will be with the Lord; but shall we be reunited with our loved ones? God has left us no doubt about that. "The Lord Himself shall descend from Heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, and with the trump of God; and the dead in Christ shall rise first; then we which are alive"—and there is tremendous emphasis upon it in the original; an emphasis that is brought out in a measure in the Revised Version, but not fully expressed. "WE" ought to be written in small capitals, for this is the force of it: "WE, *together with them*, shall be caught up to meet the Lord in the air." Ah, friends, not only are we to know the Lord, but we are to know Him together with those whom we have known here upon the earth. Not only are we to meet Him—of course that is our highest hope—but we are to meet *them*, and *with them* are to meet Him.

Just one other blessed certainty: "WE SHALL BE

FOREVER WITH THE LORD." No ending to the blessedness there. During this past year, as one after another of my friends have lost loved ones, the thought of the utter transitoriness of everything connected with this world has almost filled my heart with despondency. But simultaneously with that has come this thought: There is a World that lasts, and we will all be there in a little while. Then we will look back upon this world and the things which we enjoyed here which were so fleeting, and the partings that nearly broke our hearts, and say, "Oh, how wonderful we did not realize that we were hastening to this world where there are no partings, where there are no endings, where everything is eternal." We shall be forever with the Lord.

I believe there is an anointing of the Holy Spirit that nobody can know except in a deep sorrow like this, when the spirit of heaviness is upon us because of the separation from loved ones. Then there comes such an outpouring of the joy of the Holy Spirit in our lives as we have never known before. I rejoice to-day with our brother and sister, not only in the joy into which they know Irene has gone, but in the joy which is coming into their lives.

One other thought: What if Jesus Himself should walk into our midst as this casket lies before us, and say, "Irene, arise." What a moment it would be here! Friends, He is going to do it. Right now? No, probably not, but just a little ways ahead. Oh, the measurements of time are so short when we look at them in the light of eternity! He is going to say,

“Irene, arise,” and in the dawn, with all the glory of Christ Himself, “we together with her shall be caught up to meet the Lord in the air.”

Mr. Torrey was followed by Dr. A. T. Pierson, who said:—

There are times when we who speak would be glad if we might say nothing. We feel like the Psalmist: “I openeth not my mouth, because Thou didst it.” I never have felt more than I did this morning, that there are no words of mine to meet the case. Blessed be God for words that can meet it—His own words.

In the sixty-first chapter of his prophecy Isaiah tells us that the Messiah is sent to comfort them that mourn, to appoint unto them that mourn beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, and the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness. Now the Lord Jesus Christ Himself says that this is His office; and it is the last of His offices, notice that. Until He has given to the mourning soul who is penitent for sin, forgiveness, and liberty to the soul that is in bondage to the power of sin, He cannot fulfill His office as a Comforter.

See, also, in the fourteenth chapter of John how this is done. “Let not your heart be troubled.” “Believe in God, believe in His Fatherhood; believe in Me, believe in My Brotherhood. In My Father’s House are many mansions.” Believe not only in immortality but in the present glory of the departed dead. I wonder how many of us have a right con-

ception of the Father's House. We are told in the Epistle to the Hebrews that every house is builded by somebody, that He that built all things is God. Then the Father's House is not Heaven, it is the universe. This is a part of it; Heaven is another part; and like any other house, it has its lower stories and its higher stories, and its connecting staircases; now as I read it, the many mansions or apartments, some of them are on earth and some of them are yonder. Our Lord leaves the apartments here, and He goes to get ready apartments there. We are down on the earthly side of the Father's House, and the sainted dead with the Lord Jesus are on the other side and in the upper room of the same universal house. Now what is death? Death is going up the staircase, from the earthly rooms to the heavenly room. When we die in Christ Jesus, the veil drops behind us as we leave the earthly room and ascend to the heavenly; but we are not out of existence; we are more thoroughly alive than ever; we simply transfer the place of our life from the earthly apartment to the heavenly. I don't know of anything that has given me greater joy and comfort in thinking about these things than this conception.

It is with delicacy we refer to this precious child; to speak of her is only for the moment to add another degree of anguish to these broken hearts. But we are here this morning in the midst of scenes devoted to education. We are here on the borders of the Seminary grounds; everything here reminds us of school. Irene has entered on the school of God.



Education is very rapid in that school. She knows now more than all the philosophers that ever lived on earth; the knowledge of the earth vanishes away in a flash of glory of that world. Think of it! We only recall her as a little child. One flash of the glory of that world has revealed to her what has been mystery to every one of us, and the wisest of us, too, through our lives, and been a mystery from the foundation of the world. She is in the companionship of angels and the redeemed; she is very close to the Master, who spoke of little children words nowhere else found about anyone else. He says: "Their angels do always behold the face of my Father which is in Heaven;" and whatever meaning you attach to that, it can mean nothing less than this, that they have a peculiarly close relation to God.

The sorrows that invest us cannot build over us a roof to shut out God. And it is a unique thing that we are here this morning to say these words in this peculiar and marvelous temple. There is an open Heaven above us; what a place to think of God! Let us not sorrow with the sorrow of those that have no hope. Let us be bold to believe what we profess to believe, and when we are tempted to downright despair, let us turn to the words which are comfort unspeakable. Believe in God, He is your Father; believe in Christ, He is your Brother; believe in the Father's universal Fatherhood, and that death to God's saints is entrance into the heavenly room and an education in God's university with angels and redeemed saints and the Lord Jesus Christ Himself.

Rev. G. Campbell Morgan spoke briefly as follows:—

In a moment or two, in all simplicity, I want to read to you one of the familiar stories in the life of Christ that flashed light upon my own darkness. Let me read these words: “One cometh from the house of the ruler, saying, Thy daughter is dead; trouble not the Master. But Jesus, not heeding the words spoken, said unto the ruler, Fear not; only believe; and he went into the house. He said, The child is not dead, but sleepeth. And they laughed him to scorn. He put them out, and then he took the child by the hand, and he said, Talitha cumi; which is, being interpreted, Little darling, I say unto thee, arise. And straightway the damsel arose and walked; for she was twelve years of age. And they were amazed straightway with a great amazement.”

All I can do this morning is to emphasize the point in this story. Thy daughter is dead! That was the cold hard truth that Jairus had to face, the only thing that any one could say to him except Jesus. No one else could say any word to him but that; and how sad and awful it was to him. We stand by the side of our loved one this morning, and aside from the blessed truths that we have listened to, we have no other message for them than that. One only mentions that to lead to these other points. Surely He that spake to Jairus, is speaking to our loved ones at this moment and saying to them, “Fear not; believe only. She is not dead, but sleepeth.” And then one can imagine

the Master said to her, "Talitha cumi." He isn't here as He was there; He has taken our little one away; but are we not to look at this just from the other standpoint for a moment, and surely the same thing as that has happened here. Surely He did, standing there in the lower rooms of the Father's House, call back the spirit of the child to earth for a little time, as He, standing amid the other rooms, has said to Irene, "Talitha cumi; Little darling, I say unto thee, arise." I feel this morning that we want to get that thought upon our hearts, that she has gone at the call of the Christ. That is the meaning of the coming back of the little one in those days, and in this case the Master has called from the other side, and she has heard the call and she has gone to be with Him. She didn't understand it. Have you ever bent over the form of your sleeping little one and looked for some recognition? There was no understanding of how the awakening came until the awakening had come and your little one looked into your face and laughed. So little Irene didn't know perhaps that the Master was calling, but she knows now; and the voice that called her away was the voice of infinite love and infinite wisdom, and she is with Him.

Surely the Master has brought us face to face with all the realities of our lives. Standing here and gathered here around all that is left to us, the precious holy dust that we gather with care and all love and commit to its last resting place—standing here, our eyes should be up, and we are to remember that those who have left us are with Him. We have no doubt,

we have no shadow of doubt in the presence of this sorrow, about her, but we do pray this morning, that the quiet peace that comes from the assurance that she has obeyed the call of the Master, may be given to the hearts of our sorrow-stricken friends, and that God may speak to them in comfort and to us also. Surely He has called and we dare not by a wish desire to bring her back. She is with Him forever, and with that thought we comfort our hearts and wait until the shadows break and the morning dawn.

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Maj. Whittle was able to come to the funeral and lay on a couch near a window where he could hear the services. The Seminary girls sang one of his hymns:—

### BEYOND OUR SIGHT.

Beyond our sight a city four square lieth,  
Above the clouds, the fogs and mists of earth;  
And none but souls that Jesus purifieth,  
Can see its walls, or hear its holy mirth.

Secure and strong, this heavenly city builded  
By Christ, the Lamb, for all the blood-wash'd throng,  
Gleams fair and bright, with golden glory gilded,  
Forever thrilling with triumphant song.

There, on the throne, the Lamb once slain is seated;  
The Shepherd's joy upon His holy face;  
While countless hosts, their warfare all completed,  
In circling bands, lift ceaseless songs of praise.



O sorrowing souls, beneath earth's burdens bending,  
Lift up your eyes to yonder city fair;  
And through your tears let praise be still ascending,  
For rest, and home, and loved ones waiting there.

REFRAIN.

Beyond our sight, beyond our night,  
Beyond this world's sad story,  
That city bright it stands in light,  
The Home of all the holy.

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Just before the close of the service Mr. D. L. Moody arose and said:—

I would like to say a few words, if I can trust myself. I have been thinking this morning about the aged prophet waiting in the valley of the Jordan, so many years ago, for the chariot of God to take him home. Again the chariot of God came down to the Connecticut valley yesterday morning about half past six and took our little Irene home. The one was taken at the end of years of active service; the other at the early dawn of youth. But the service of the prophet was no more complete than that of the little handmaid of the Lord, for God called both, and He never interrupts the service of His own.

Irene has finished her course; her work was well wrought on earth. She has accomplished more than many in their three score years and ten. We would not have her back, although her voice was the sweetest voice I ever heard on earth. She never met me once since she was three months old until the last few days of pain, without a smile. But Christ had some

service for her above. My life has been made much better by her ministry here on earth. She has made us all better. She has been a blessing to all the conferences here this year. She has brought a wealth of sympathy into the meetings such as we never had before. During the Young Men's conference I tried to keep it secret, but while I was on the platform my heart was ever at the home. On the day after the conference closed she left for the Adirondacks, and we feared we might never see her again. During the Women's conference my heart was yonder in the mountains at Saranac. The last night of that conference while I was trying to speak to the young women words of cheer and encouragement, I was constantly thinking of the little girl, and within twelve hours I was by her side.

The last few days have been blessed days to me. I have learned many new and precious lessons. She was very fond of riding with me, and on Monday morning she asked me to take her driving, and at 6:30 we were out together. She never looked more beautiful. She was just ripening for Heaven. She was too fair for this earth. I thank God this morning for the hope of immortality. I know I shall see her in the morning, more beautiful in her resurrection glory than she was here.

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### Letter from Dr. J. R. Miller:—

My heart has been with you all these days. You have had the love and tender sympathy of thousands. All this is but an interpretation of the interest of Heaven in your sorrow. It is very sweet to know

that Christ's heart has been sympathetic all the while. Jesus from His mountain-top saw His disciples in the darkness, down on the sea, distressed in rowing. He was not indifferent to their sore trouble. Then at night time he came to them, walking on the sea. This is the way it was in your case. The other morning He came down and lifted your precious child into His arms and carried her away out of the suffering.

I have such complete confidence in God's love that I am sure no plan of His for your dear Irene has been interrupted. She was here as long as it was intended she should stay on earth, when she came from God. Her death was not premature—she lived out her allotted time and finished the work God gave her to do.

That work was most beautiful and far-reaching in its influence. Into thousands of hearts the sweet benedictions have entered. The poet found his lost song from beginning to end, long, long afterward, in the heart of his friend. Irene has sung the songs of love into countless hearts and every one of them she will find again, by and by, when the harvest of life is all gathered in. The air of the world is sweeter to-day, and there is more goodness in human society because she lived her sweet, gentle life.

The long months of suffering, too, have been the most fruitful of all her life. It is strange what a ministry sorrow has in this world. We think joy is our best experience, but some day we shall know that we are doing most for the world when we are enduring pain. Irene's long time of suffering has softened the hearts of thousands.

I have been thinking, too, of what a blessing to you these months have been. You have been in a strange but wonderful school. You have been learning great lessons—things which the Spirit could not have taught you in the sunshine of joy. Certain song birds are shut away in a darkened room when new songs are to be taught to them; they could not get the songs in the light. God has kept you long in the deep shadows and He has taught you precious things which will make your lives richer and more beautiful, and more helpful to others ever after. You have now been anointed anew for service.

As for your child, she has only passed into fuller light. What we, with quivering words speak of as dying is really but a phase of life. The greatest misfortune that could come to any one would be not to die. Dying is passing into real life, as when a dull seed bursts into a beautiful plant. Irene has lost nothing of the loveliness of her character—she has lost only the earthly enrobing. She lives in all her radiant beauty. She loves her father and mother and friends, and remembers them. Think, too, of what she can do for you in the presence of Christ, of her requests for you. Then may she not in gentle and holy ways minister to you while you stay here?

Oh, how sacred and beautiful it all is! Already the glory is bursting about you. It is light, not dark, in your home.

With love to your father, whose words I have read,

Affectionately yours,

J. R. MILLER.

FROM THE OTHER SIDE OF THE GATES OF  
PEARL.

“ Oh, what do you think the children say? ”

Said the children up in Heaven,

“ There’s a dear little girl coming home to-day—

She’s almost ready to fly away

From the Earth we used to live in.

Let’s go and open the Gates of Pearl;

Open them wide for this dear little girl—”

Said the children up in Heaven.

“ God wanted her here, where His little ones meet,”

Said the children up in Heaven.

“ She shall play with us in the Golden Street!

She had grown too fair—she had grown too sweet,

For the Earth we used to live in.

She needed the sunshine, this dear little girl,

That gilds this side of the Gates of Pearl—”

Said the children up in Heaven.

“ So the King called down from the angel’s dome,”

Said the children up in Heaven.

“ ‘ My little darling, arise and come

To the place prepared in thy Father’s Home;

The Home that my children live in.’

Let us go and watch at the Gates of Pearl:

Ready to welcome the new little girl—”

Said the children up in Heaven.



“ Far down on the Earth do you hear them weep? ”

Said the children up in Heaven.

“ For the dear little girl has gone to sleep,

The shadows fall, and the night clouds sweep

O'er the Earth we used to live in.

But we'll go and open the Gates of Pearl.

Oh, *why* do they weep for their dear little girl? ”

Said the children up in Heaven.

“ Fly with her quickly, O angels dear! ”

Said the children up in Heaven.

“ See! She is coming—Look there! Look there!

At the jasper light on her sunny hair—

Where the veiling clouds are riven.

Oh, hush—hush—hush! The swift wings furl,

For the King himself, at the Gates of Pearl,

Is taking her hand—dear, tired little girl!

And leading her into Heaven.”

—*By an English Girl.*



*Even so, come, Lord Jesus.*